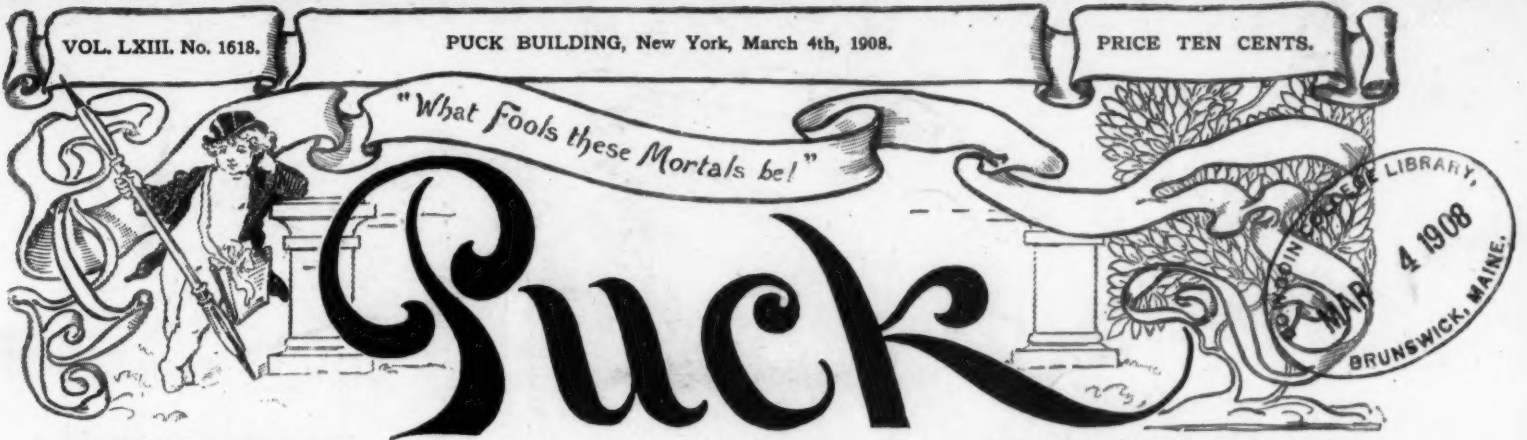


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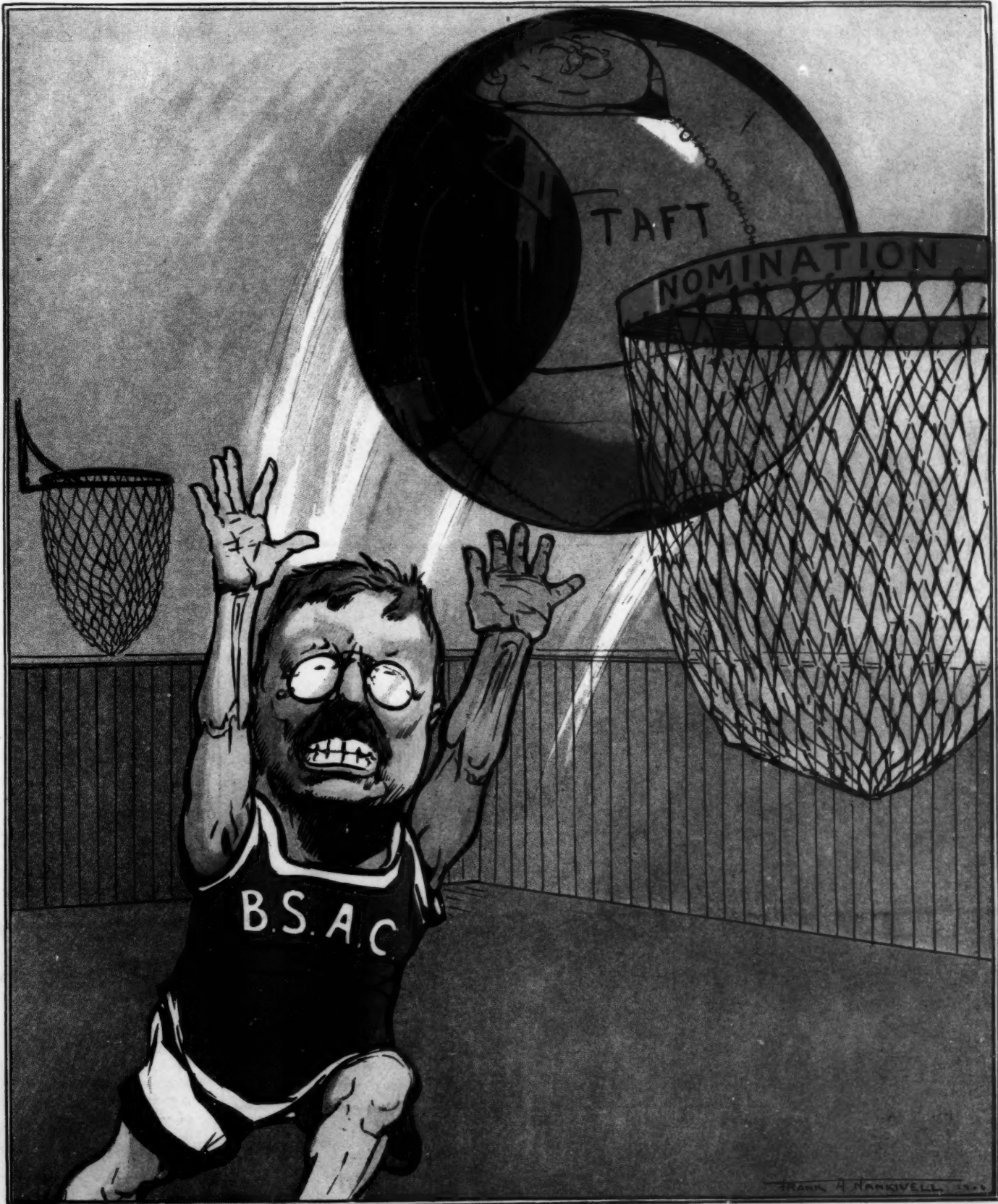
PUCK BUILDING, New York, March 4th, 1908.

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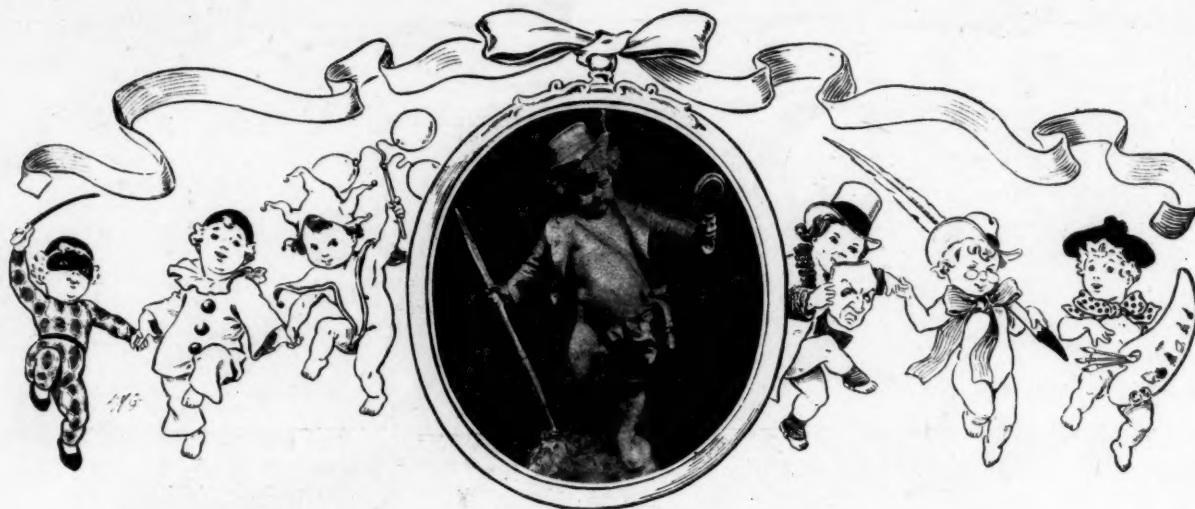
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"GOAL!!"

JUST A LITTLE BASKET BALL PRACTICE IN THE WHITE HOUSE GYM.



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
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PUCK
No. 1618. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1908
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

THERE is no Republican party, save in name. There is no Democratic party, save in name. Two great Populist parties, each bidding against the other, possess the land.—*N. Y. Sun.*

In which of these parties shall we find Tom Ryan, August Belmont, Nelson W. Aldrich, John D. Rockefeller, E. H. Harriman, *et hoc genus omne*?

CERTAIN publications seem to be hammering Mr. Bryan with unnecessary persistence, but the explanation is not obscure. As Republican organs, hoping for a share of campaign money, they cannot gracefully hammer Roosevelt or Taft nor safely praise these men. So the safe thing to do, of course, is to pound Bryan.

ARTHUR BRISBANE talked about the virtues of personality in journalism. Rollo Ogden of the *Evening Post* spoke from precisely the opposite standpoint and argued for impersonal journalism. Frank A. Munsey agreed with Mr. Ogden.—*News Item.*

Every reader of *Munsey's Magazine* knows what a stickler for the impersonal Mr. Munsey is. Perhaps the best instance of the fact is that impersonal sign on his front cover, one month: "I regard this as the best number of *Munsey's Magazine* I have ever issued. Frank A. Munsey." Or words impersonally to that effect.

JAMES R. KEENE observes that Governor Hughes knows little of horseracing, as he "was brought up with a narrow mind." Mr. Keene's mind is so broad that he can barely get through a doorway.

IN THE main we agree with Senator Foraker that in these days of obsolete party labels a primary does not signify what it once did; nevertheless Mr. Taft seems to have the pole in Ohio.

ISN'T IT pretty hectic for a whist association to call its annual meeting a "carnival"?—*Chicago Post.*

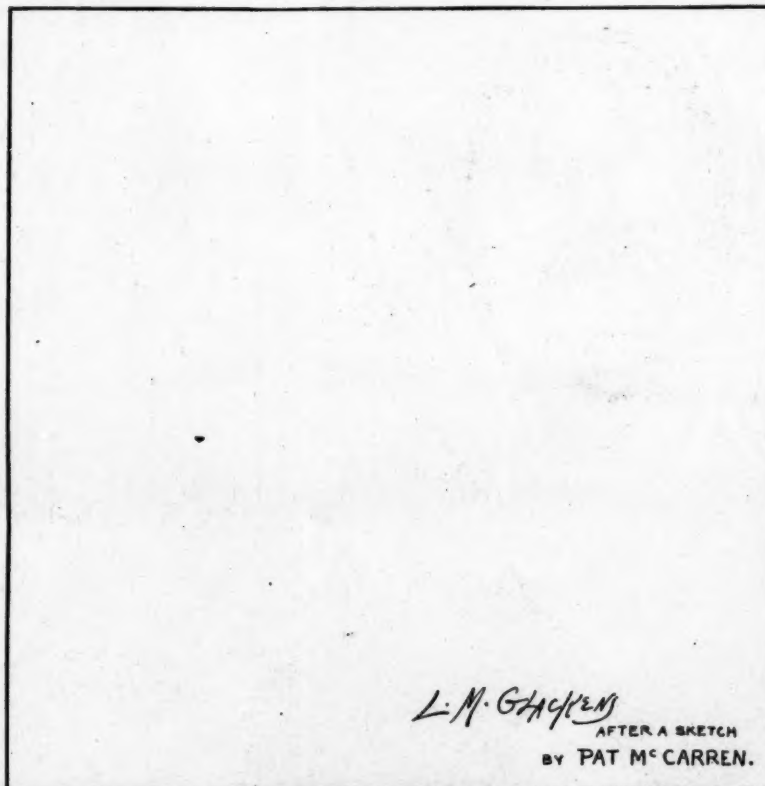
That is to distinguish it from a congress of chess players.

THE SUFFRAGETTE parade in New York started, so the press says, with "bare fifteen women." The Lady Godiva parade started with one bare woman; yet it made a great stir in the world.

THERE is a disposition in certain journalistic quarters to scoff at Mr. Bryan and to hold him up to scorn because he lectures for money. It is argued, apparently, that Mr. Bryan is doing a very reprehensible thing when he accepts a lecturer's fee, and that out of common decency he ought to quit making folks hear him at so much per head. Now, PUCK opposed Mr. Bryan in two political campaigns, and it is holding no brief for him at present, but it declines to contribute to the idiotic drivel about Bryan's "talking for pay." Mr. Bryan doesn't force people to attend his lectures. He doesn't take his fee by the "Hands Up" method. He comes to those who want to hear him talk, who are willing to give up money for the privilege, and who don't ask for a credit check when he is through. As far as we know, Mr. Bryan hasn't captured any audience by stealth, tied it to a chair, and then taken its money. And till he does, it is nobody's business how many times he talks, or how many people he talks to, or how much money he gets for it.

A PERSON signing himself "Looking for a Job" writes to a newspaper to say that "Predatory Wealth pays wages." Of course it does. Predatory Wealth is quite willing to pay wages, educate our children, supply us with houses of worship, and, in general, take entire charge of our physical and spiritual affairs. All that Predatory Wealth asks in return is that it be let alone. But a few thousands of us object to a servile and cringing bondage.

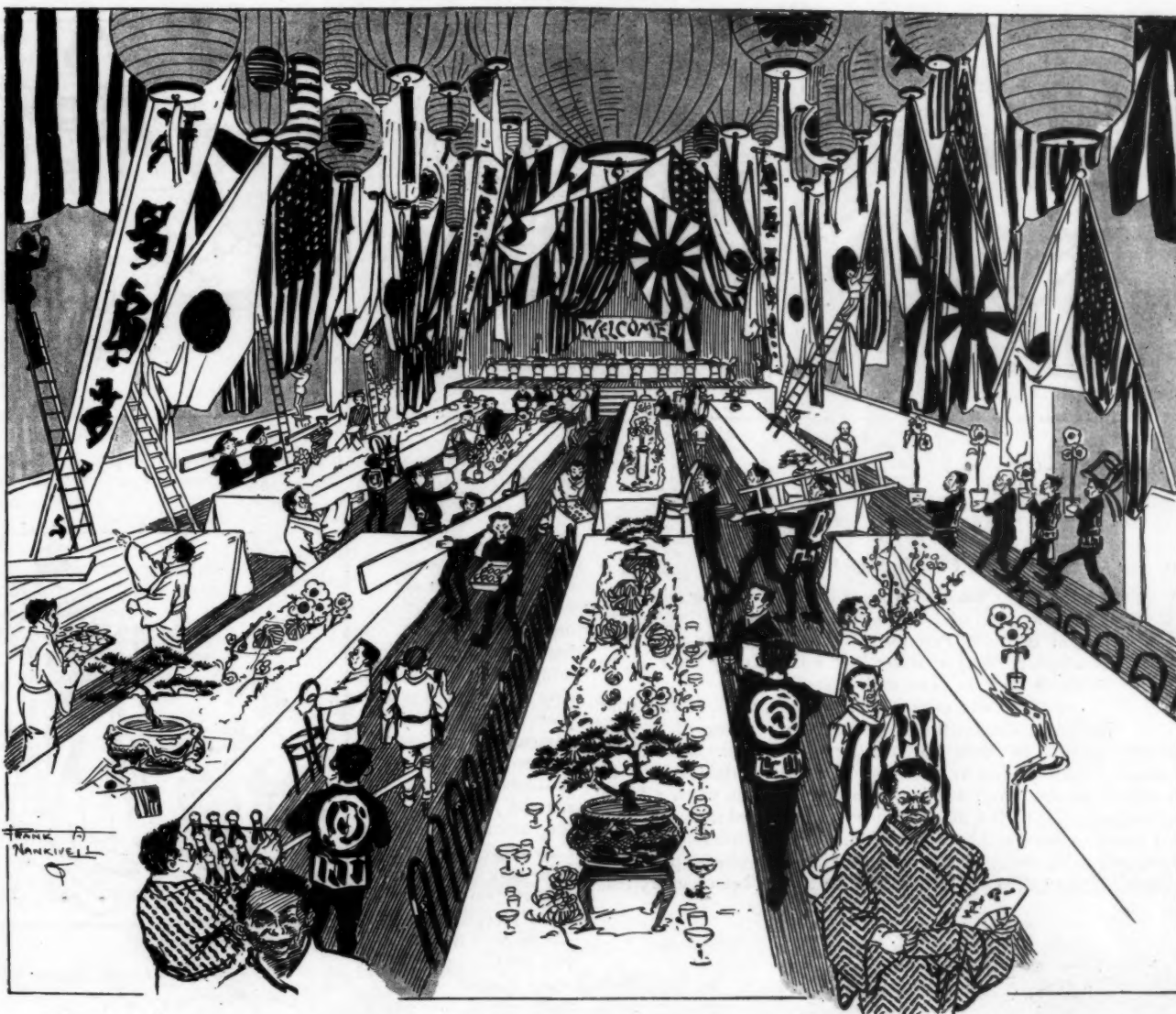
MR. W. D. HOWELLS is reported to have been present at the beginning of the excavations on the Roman Forum, erected 81 A. D. Mr. Howells' mission, it is whispered, is to negotiate, on behalf of *Harper's Weekly*, for any well preserved jokes that may be dug up.



L. M. GACKEN
AFTER A SKETCH
BY PAT M'CARREN.

WHEN BETTING IS PROHIBITED.

View of the Crowd at any Metropolitan Race Track.



THAT WAR WITH JAPAN.

THE JAPS ARE STEADILY PREPARING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE AMERICAN FLEET.

HANDICAP.

WITH his class in stenography, especially, this shrewd teacher insisted upon a good general education, in the common English branches. In that connection, he was never tired of telling the story of Mabel Jones.

"Mabel Jones," said he "was a lovely girl, and she might be the

affinity of ten millions to-day, only that she never learned how to spell. Because she could not spell, she got her employers sore at her the first thing, after which it was impossible for her to cultivate their finer feelings. So she never rose to the position which her gifts entitled her to."

It was a striking story, and failed not of its just effect.

PUBLICITY.

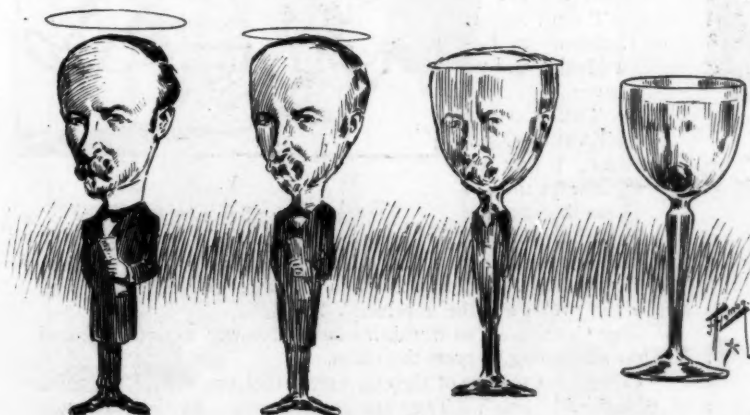
"WE don't hear so much about graft in public matters as we did," remarked the citizen. "I regard that as a very favorable condition."

"It is a favorable condition," replied Senator Wadd. "Those matters were becoming altogether too public for a spell."

POESY AND LEGISLATION.

"LET ME," cried the poet, "but write the people's songs, and I care not who makes their laws!" But now there came into power a very Draco, who enacted blue laws, and decreed it a felony to sing the people's songs on the Sabbath day.

"How now, my buck!" he sneered, turning upon the poet. The latter could only gnaw his lip. His royalties were cut in twain, but he could not gainsay his given word.



A CAMPAIGN ISSUE?



The really disgusting feature about this mad rush for wealth is that we were left at the post.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING;
OR, THE BUNDLES, THE BOY AND THE BAG.



I.
THE KID.—Gee, what a lot of bundles!
O-o-o-o! I got an idea!



II.
“I’ll just fill this bag full of stones, an
tie it with some string I got an’ then—



III.
“Hey, Mister, you dropped one of your
bundles!”

THE PROTEAN JOKE.

IN THE first place, the hard-worked humorist is extremely likely to find the germ of his intended jeu d’esprit in some collection of First Principles—anywhere from the Gesta Romanorum to Joe Miller. It will probably show up, in its crude state, in some such shape as this:

“There was ones a poure manne, yet a craftie, who hadde ye ille fourtune to falle ynto ye dette of a riche Jew, who harwed ye poure manne sore for payment. Atte laust, ye debtooure tolde ye Jew to meet him on a certaine daie & he wold bee mayde whole. And soe it was, and ye manne, when askt to coughe uppe, tolde ye Jew how that hee hadde learned that ye worlde owed him a lyvyng, and he hadde arraunged to secure to ye Jew ye reversion of this dette, whiche wold heal him of bothe his principall & interest. Atte this, ye Jew, seeing he hadde been out-wytted,

mayde alle manere of out-crie, and tryed to sette ye dogges on ye manne. But ye latere hadde bethought him to bringe a stout cudgell along, and ye Jew was properly beaten for his paines.”

Now, there are great possibilities in this. It is to the joke-smith what soup-stock is to the cook. Carefully boil down, skim and strain; flavor a portion with extract labelled, “Tramp’s Aversion to Work,” and you get this:

SWOREOFE WORKIN-SKY.—Pard, we ought to be independent. Th’ world owes you an’ me a livin’.

ITSALLA DREAMOLO.—Yes, buta tink ofa da troubl’ ofa collect-in’ da mon’!

A man beggared by intractible debtors is an object of pity. Ha! An idea. Add a dash of “Tourists’ Schemes to Get a Meal,” and we have:

THE COUNT D’ENNUI.—Madam, I wuz not always thus. I am the victim of a bad debt. Through the dishonesty of a certain individual, I am become what you see.

KIND-HEARTED FEMALE.—You poor man! Here’s a chicken sandwich. Who was the unprincipled wretch?

THE COUNT.—The world, madam. It owes me a living, and I’m too easy-going to press the claim.

Continuing the use of the convenient dialogue mould, we think of “He” and “She”. They are great boons. By their aid, you don’t have to waste time thinking up glove-fitting names. This results:



IV.
“I ran as fast as I could, Mister, but it
was darn heavy.”



V.
“Thanks. Gee, but that was easy money.”



THE CARELESS CAPTAIN.

MR. EINSTEIN (among the bergs for the first time).—Mein gott, vy don’t der gaptain stop der ship? Chusd look at der size of dot tiamondt!

Man is ninety per cent. water, and like water, he finds it easier to go down hill than to climb.

PUCK

HE.—This is a knavish world.

SHE.—Any new evidence of that fact?

HE.—Sure; it owes us a living and won't pay a cent on the dollar.

The joke is palpably deteriorating. A new ingredient is needed to brace it up. Our humorist bethinks him of a standard, and sprinkles in a pinch of "The Old Maid."

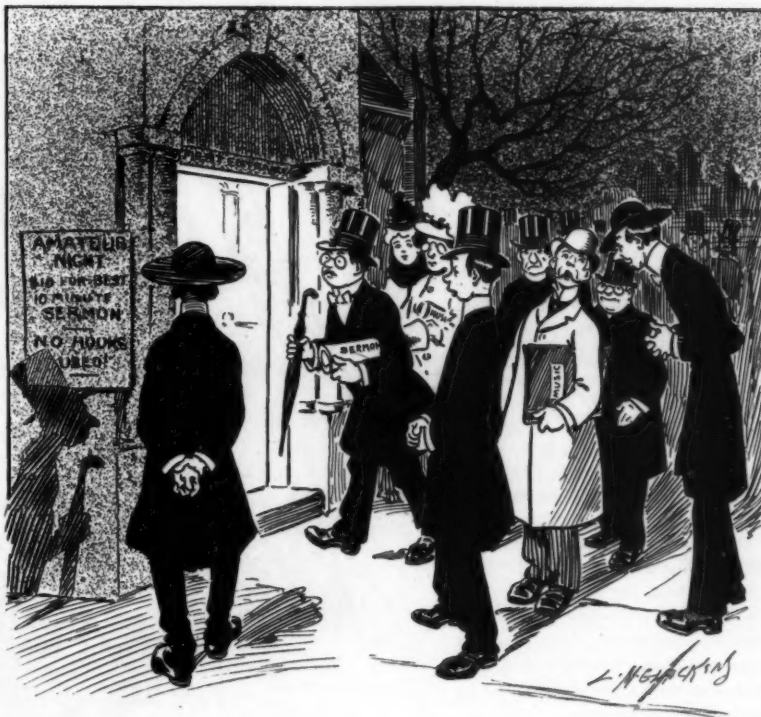
MISS NARRAMAN.—I firmly believe that the world owes everyone a living, at least from the time they reach maturity.

LOVING FRIEND.—Don't build on it, dear. In your case, the debt was outlawed, years ago.

Flavor with new-mown hay and, *voilà!*

FARMER BYHECK.—Jest think o' them fellers thet's rollin' in wealth!

INTERLOCUTOR.—Well, don't begrudge it to them. Remember, the world owes every man a living.



WHY CONFINE "AMATEUR NIGHT" TO THEATERS?

FARMER BYHECK.—Thet's all right, but some people are gettin' mighty big int'rest on the'r principal.

Then there is the quatrain:

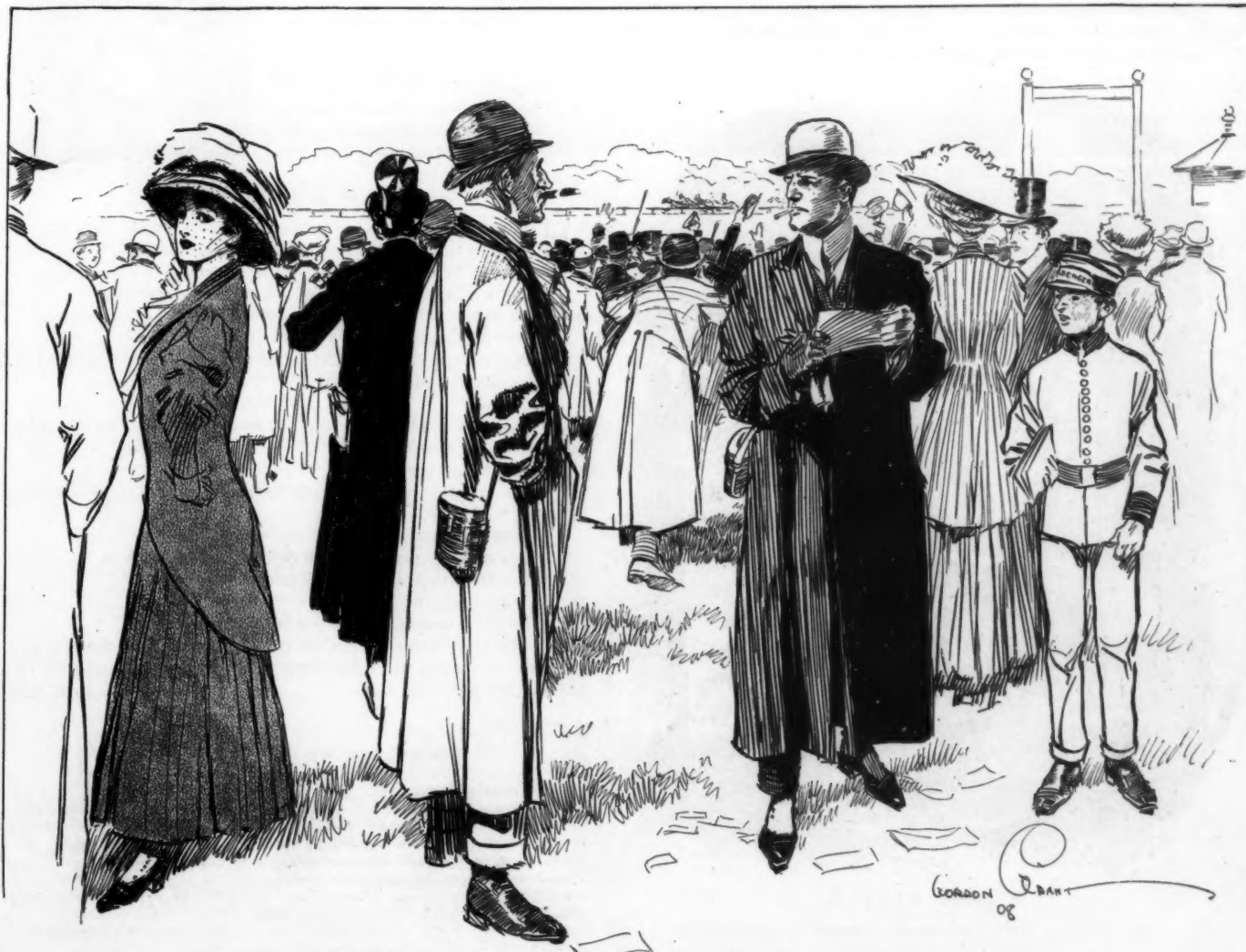
How's that? The world, you say, owes me a living?
Good lack. Then I've defrauded been by fate.
It hasn't liquidated since the deluge,
And I've lost out by being born too late.

Finally, the joke gets across the Atlantic and reaches the last stage.

BLORKINS (*who can't pay up*).—Don't you be so rough on me, guv'nor. A cove's got to live. The world howes 'im a livin'.

IRATE MILK VENDOR.—Don't you believe it, my man! I ain't got no such hasset on my books, and a precious good thing, too; for, if it was as 'ard to get in as some of my other houtstandin' accounts, I'd be a corpse, this blessed minyit.

F. P. Smart.



WHEN THE RACE TRACK IS "LEGITIMATE" AS WALL STREET.

RACE TRACK SPECULATOR (*formerly known as race-track gambler*).—Just my cussed luck! That horse I took a flyer on was hammered down to fifth place at the turn and here's my bookmaker howling for more margin.

PUCK

BOOMS.

"In him (Fairbanks) we see embodied the perception of Lincoln, the dignity of Grant, the wisdom of Harrison, the gentleness of McKinley and the fearlessness of Roosevelt—a combination of attributes that rounds out a man superbly equipped for the duties and responsibilities of the Chief Executive of the United States."—*Indiana Republican Editorial Association.*



IF YOU want a receipt for the many ingredients
Thrown in the hash of a Popular Boom,
Take all of the perfectly well known expedients,
Fan them to flame with a summer simoom.
Perception of Lincoln and wisdom of Harrison;
Dignity great as or greater than Grant's;
Tongue of a Phillips, a Webster or Garrison;
Grace of a Dyer in leading a dance;
Heart of McKinley and courage of
Roosevelt;
Head of a Harriman, king of finance,
Skill of a German in rhyming "die grosse
Welt;"
Nerve of a Gates in accepting a chance;
The depth of H. James with Mark Twain's
jocularly;
Hetty Green's closeness and Carnegie's charity;
Gift of a Graves as an orator flowery;
Bluntness of Devery, straight from the Bowery—
Evans and Morgan and Rogers and—see
Other good names in the di-rec-tor-ee
Choose you a candidate—my! there's a slew of 'em!
Tack on some attributes—here are a few of 'em.
Anything, anyone—matters not whom—
And the certain result is a Popular Boom.

Franklin P. Adams.

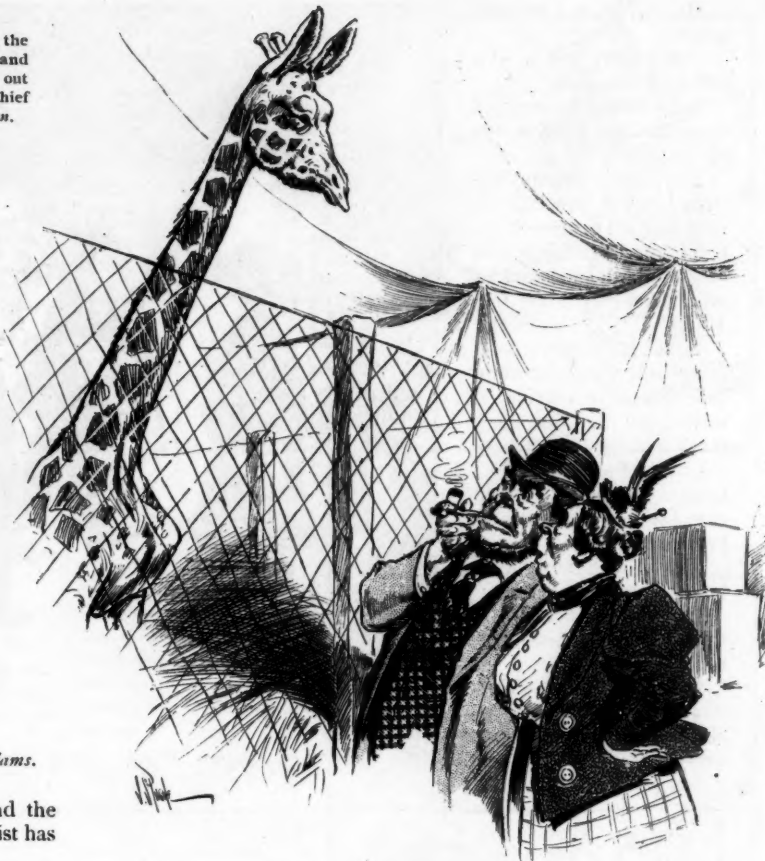
POSSIBLY THE fact that the optimist sees the doughnut and the pessimist the hole is due to the further fact that the optimist has mostly doughnut and the pessimist mostly hole.



POST MORTEM.

THE SHADE.—Maria seems to have changed her opinion of me.

Whatever may be the artistic success of the blade of grass game, the man who can make two dollars grow where one grew before reaps a more advantageous harvest.



KIND MOTHER NATURE.

MRS. CASSIDY.—An' phwy does the brute hov such a long neck?
MR. CASSIDY.—T' reach his head, av coorse.

THE HUMAN INTEREST.

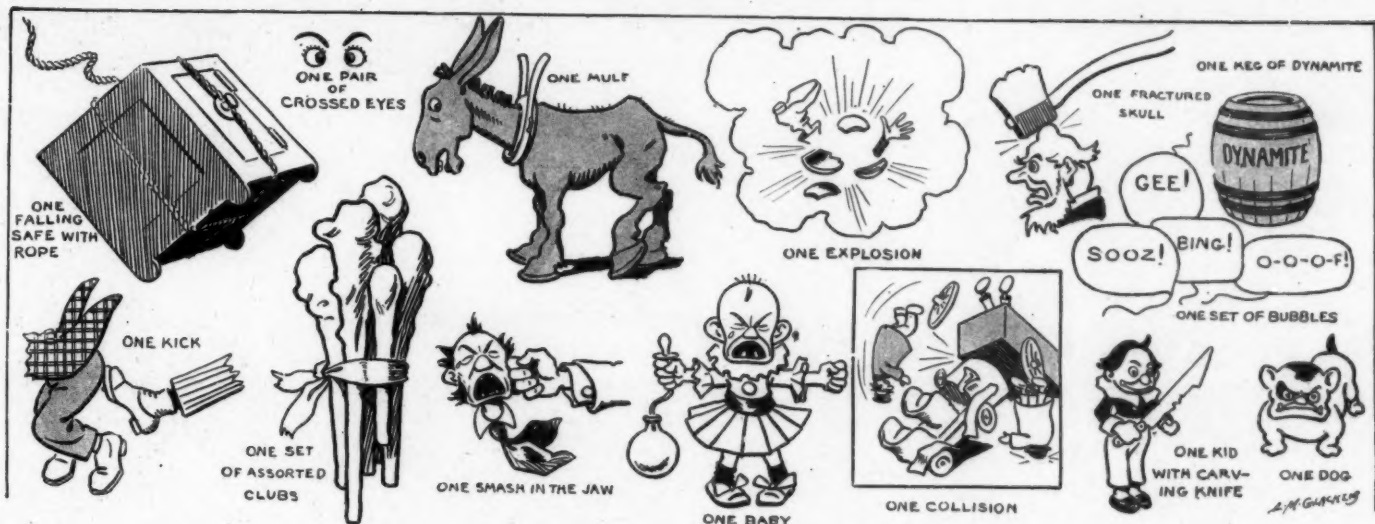
"HAS no mother killed her babies and herself, rather than starve?" asked the managing editor, his brow clouded with anxiety.
"None," replied the night editor, shrinking within himself.
"No leading banker committed suicide to hide the fact that he has been stealing money to buy diamonds for a popular actress?"
"Not a banker."
"No rich, cultivated, beautiful young woman married her father's colored coachman?"
"No, sir."
"No very considerable public man been sued for breach-of-promise by his stenographer?"
"I'm afraid not."
"No faithful wife left home to make room for her husband's affinity?"
"Not this evening."
"No fireman rescued a pet flea from the flames in the fortieth story of a fashionable apartment house?"
"Unhappily, no."
Here the managing editor went to pieces.
"My God, have we got to print mere news on the first page, after all the money we're spending!" he cried, and bowed his head pathetically upon his arms.

Ramsey Benson.

YOU ARE QUITE WELCOME.

To the Editor of PUCK:—
For years I enjoyed PUCK only in the barber shop or in the club room or on the train. Lately I made a wild plunge into extravagance and became a subscriber at 50 years of age, all my New England prejudices against indulgence in mere pleasure notwithstanding. You are the real thing. I am a Democrat but your Rooseveltian comments hit me right. I never, even as a youthful subscriber to the "Boys' Own," tore off a wrapper with more delight than now, every week, I slit the paper husk of PUCK. So thank you.
MIDDLE-AGED SUBSCRIBER.

PUCK



PUCK'S OUTFIT FOR YOUNG "COMIC SUPPLEMENT" ARTISTS.

SPECIAL RATES TO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS AND LUNATIC ASYLUMS.

IN THE POLITICAL ZOO.

The Elephass and the Jackaphant were fighting for the crown.
The Jacka' beat the Elephass and drove him out of town.
—Mother Gander



BEHOLD the curious Elephass,
Combined of Elephant and Ass;
The queerest animal, 'twould seem,
In evolution's mighty scheme.
It still retains its head and trunk,
But how its afterpart has shrunk!—
The strange result, it would appear,
Of recent kicking with its rear.
Once 'twas a very docile brute
That always minded the mahout;
But now it rears and paws the air,
And makes the keeper dance and swear.

Look now upon the Jackaphant—
As queer as t'other beast, you'll grant.
Its head is still the donkey kind,
But, heavens! how it's grown behind!
Enlargement of its hinder-portion
Produced this curious distortion—
The sure result, so goes the story,
Of reasoning *à posteriori*.
To this strange shape it has been brought
Through many a brilliant *after-thought*,
And teaches us the useful fact
That we should think before we act.

This curious pair of beasts we find
Symbolical of states of mind.
One signifies Democracy.
The other means the G. O. P.
But which is which, I must confess,
I cannot tell. I'll let you guess.

B. L. T.

THE WAY OF IT.

"I UNDERSTAND, Mr. Sogback, that you have be stowed some rather peculiar names on your children?" said the inquisitively-inclined tourist from the North. "I believe you have in the family a William, a Jilliam and a Brilliam?"

"Eh-yah!" replied a prominent citizen of the Polkville, Ark., neighborhood. "You see, it's softer been our custom, wife's and mine, to name our children after great men—give 'em something to grow up to, as you might say. 'Cordingly, of several of the later ones, one is William J. Bryan Sogback, the next Bryan J. Williams, then Brennings J. Ryan, and since then we have complicated 'em as well as we could by adding a Jilliam W. Billings, and a Brilliam

J. Wennings, and if things don't sorter let up pretty soon there's no telling whur we'll be eventually driven for names. Since we got through using Thomas Jefferson, John C. Calhoun, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, and so on, and such of the Confederate generals as we 'specially liked, there ain't been any great men in the Democratic party that we could turn to, outside of William Jennin's Bryan. Commonly, you know, the great men come and go, sorter; but in these days, Bryan, he 'pears to be always with us, and there ain't no others."

Tom P. Morgan.

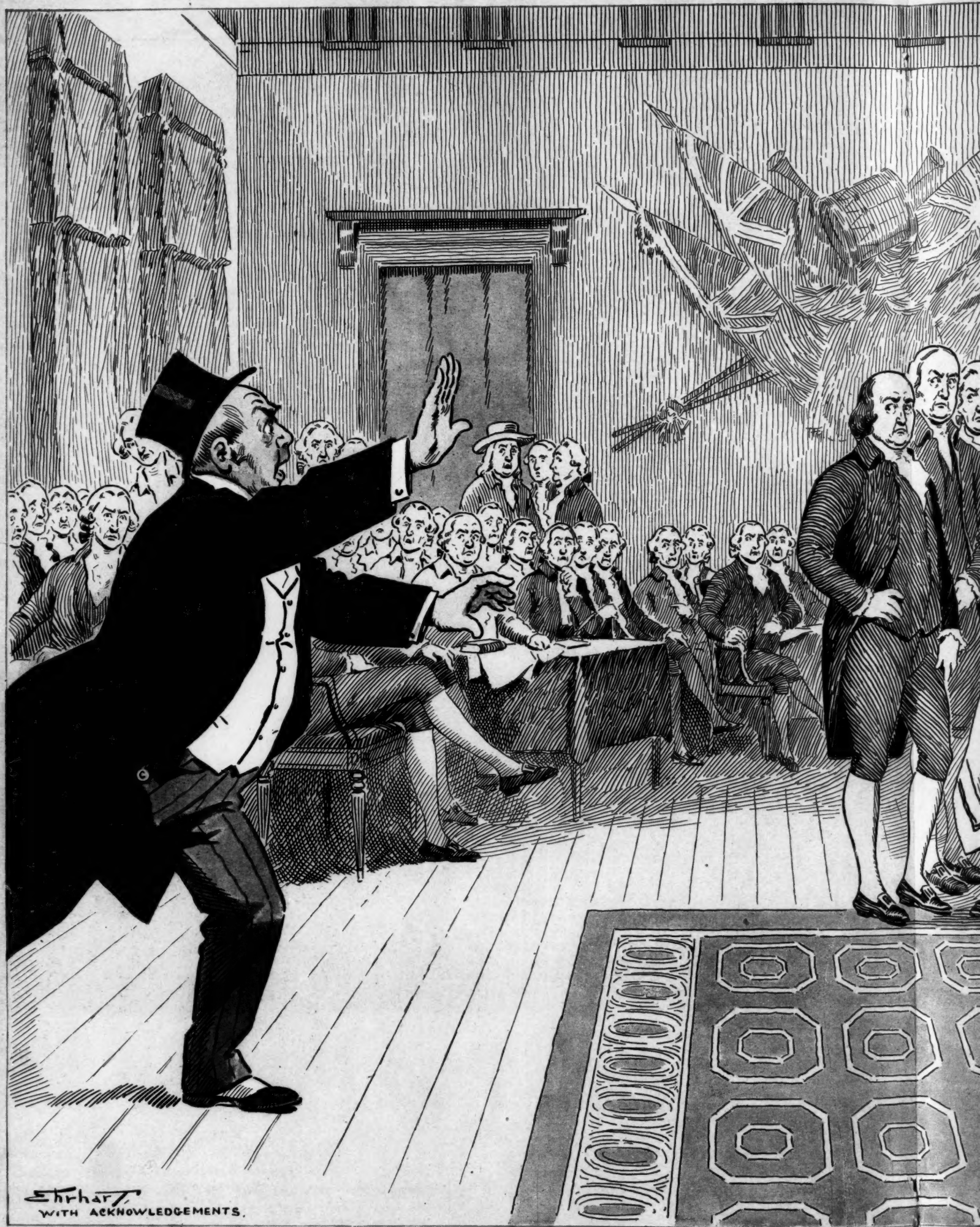
INTERPRETED.

"SAY," called St. Peter to an attendant, "send down for a tin horn gambler and a copy of George Ade's Fables; there's a man from Chicago outside and I can't understand a word he says."



SOME FUTURE DAY.

NICE OLD GENTLEMAN (in "trading stamp" emporium).—Me and this lady are goin' to get married, young feller. Her an' me have been savin' your company's tradin' stamps for thirty-seven years now an' I reckon we can get enough premium furniture with 'em to furnish a four-room flat.



E. H. R. Hart
WITH ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

THE PUCK PRESS

"DON'T SIGN THAT DECLARATION, GENTLE

WHERE WOULD WE BE NOW IF MODERN COUN



N, GENTLEMEN! YOU'LL HURT BUSINESS!"

IF MODERN COUNSEL HAD PREVAILED IN '76?

A CAUTIOUS CONSTITUENT.

"I WAS never more insulted in my life!" indignantly said Senator Smugg. "I met one of my constituents, old

Bill Broadhead, from Haw Creek, out in my state, a while ago, and — confound his neck-whiskered impertinence! — he carefully counted his fingers after I had shaken hands with him!"

"He must be the victim of a great mental lack," consolingly returned Senator Robertson. "Of what value could he possibly imagine his fingers would be to you?"

HEARST REPENTANT.

"A CAKE OF SOAP free with next Sunday's *American*," announces a Park Row contemporary.

Well! well! A sense of the fitness of things seems at last to have descended upon Mr. Hearst.

A cake of soap with each copy of the *Sunday American*! Fine!

PIECES THEY SPEAK.—III.

"Yer know we Frinch stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
stood on our storming day."
—Incident of the French Camp.

May we be permitted to hope that Mr. Hearst will not pause in his good work — begun rather late, but better late than never? Will future issues of the *Sunday American* be accompanied by souvenir cans of chloride of lime, gift packages of washing powder, sulphur candles, formaldehyde, and other effective antidotes for the Sunday bane? Let us hope so.



IN THE OUTER DARKNESS.

ONE OF 'EM.—Gee! If I wuz only a fam'ly man!

THE UPSTAIRS GIRL.

IT IS USELESS trying to express in words her varied charms
En evidence from smuggest cap to trimmest of trim shoes;
The ruddiness of cheeks and lips, the plumpness of her arms
Are 'way beyond a pen unskilled in writing social news.
I cannot say I like her eyes, they are so steely gray,
I question the construction of a certain sloe-like curl,
But she's, there's no denying, altogether *distingue*,
The quite immaculate, well-starched, well-ironed upstairs girl.

I fare not badly with the cook, and nurse can always find
A minute to help with my coat or straighten my cravat;
The coachman is respectful and the gardener is kind —
If there's but one camelia out I'm always sure of that!
To mix a midnight punch for me the butler stays awake,
And he, as all the household knows, is very much a churl,
But though I do my level best, I swear I cannot make
The ghost of an impression on the haughty upstairs girl.

She's chilly as her mistress, which is saying a good deal;
Douceurs fall short of melting her and compliments displease.
To say she comes from Boston would explain it, but I feel
There's little doubt, if any, that she hails from overseas
Taxed with a lack of knowledge of domestic matters I'm
Assured, though she ignores me, she is none the less a pearl;
But *this* fact still remains, that day and night and all the time
The bane of my existence is the scornful upstairs girl.

Edward W. Barnard.



TOO DARN RESTRICTED.

THE BRIDE.—I think this looks like a nice, respectable place for us to eat, Jason. See, it says "tables reserved for ladies."

THE GROOM (in surprise).—But, darn it, Sally, don't you want me to sit at the same table with you?

Most of us want a square deal only when we can't get a shade the best of it.

PUCK

A MISNOMER.

WHAT time old Winter, in her lap,
Is lingering—
She plainly caring not a rap—
The shameless thing!—
We speak of her (our joke, mayhap)
As "backward Spring!"

F. P. Smart.

FIRST AID TO FARMERS.

THE sugar bush should be tapped this month. With the aid of the Cornell Nature Study Leaflets find the hard maples in your woods. (If you can.) With an inch auger bore an inch hole in each tree about two feet from the ground. Drive a wooden spile in the hole and set a tin bucket beneath to catch the sap. The wooden spiles can be made during the winter evenings. Collect the sap every morning and evening by sending out the hired man with a yoke and two big pails. Boil down the sap in a large kettle to the constancy of molasses. Pour into tin moulds and allow to stand until cool. You can easily tell when it will sugar by tasting of it or feeling with the finger, but a safer way is to try it on a snow ball. You will then have the choicest nut-brown maple sugar like the oldest of us well remember. Store this sugar carefully on the pantry shelves for home consumption.

For the city trade and your annual subscription to the *Weekly Clarion* take 100 pounds of 2½ per cent. light-brown sugar; scorch 10 pounds of it slightly over the stove in a brass kettle. Add a spoonful of ground maple bark; be sure the bark is ground fine. This will give it the proper woody flavor. Pour in three quarts of sorgum, an ounce of glue and three ounces of butter-coloring and add a tablespoon of salt. Boil until thick enough to set. Pour the whole into tin cake dishes of various sizes and when cool smoke each cake over a slow basswood fire and wrap in an old newspaper. This will give it the appearance and taste of being made in the woods and put up by the thrifty housewives down on the farm where the folks are as honest as the day is long. The syrup, put up in tin gallon cans, will bring \$2 a can.

Cameron Shafer.



SINFUL WASTE.

FARMER BARNES.—I've bought a barometer, Hannah; ter tell when it's goin' ter rain, ye know!

MRS. BARNES.—To tell when it's goin' ter rain! Why, I never heerd o' sech extravagance! What do ye s'pose th' good Lord hez give ye th' rheumatiz fer?

CINDERELLA.

IT is not quite true that Cinderella and the Prince lived happily ever after. On the contrary, there were differences before they had been married a week.

"So it was only beans and such like that you were picking out of the ashes?" sneered his highness, palpably nettled.

"Sure it was!" replied Cinderella, with a toss of her head.

"What did you suppose?"

"Suppose?" the Prince was white with mortification and chagrin. "I supposed it was coal, of course. Do you imagine I could afford to marry on any other supposition, with anthracite at \$8?"

But no, she was not to be prevailed upon. If he had jumped to an unwarranted conclusion, that was his fault, not hers.

LIVING AND GIVING.

It's true God loveth a cheerful giver;
He also loveth a cheerful liver.
And if a man owneth a cheerful liver
He's certain to be a more cheerful giver.

IN 1915.

FIRST MOTORIST (on country road).—How are the roads in the next state?

SECOND MOTORIST.—Dangerous.

FIRST MOTORIST.—Why, I heard they were as smooth as a billiard table?

SECOND MOTORIST.—They are; but not a darn one of them is equipped with the block system.

AFFECTION.

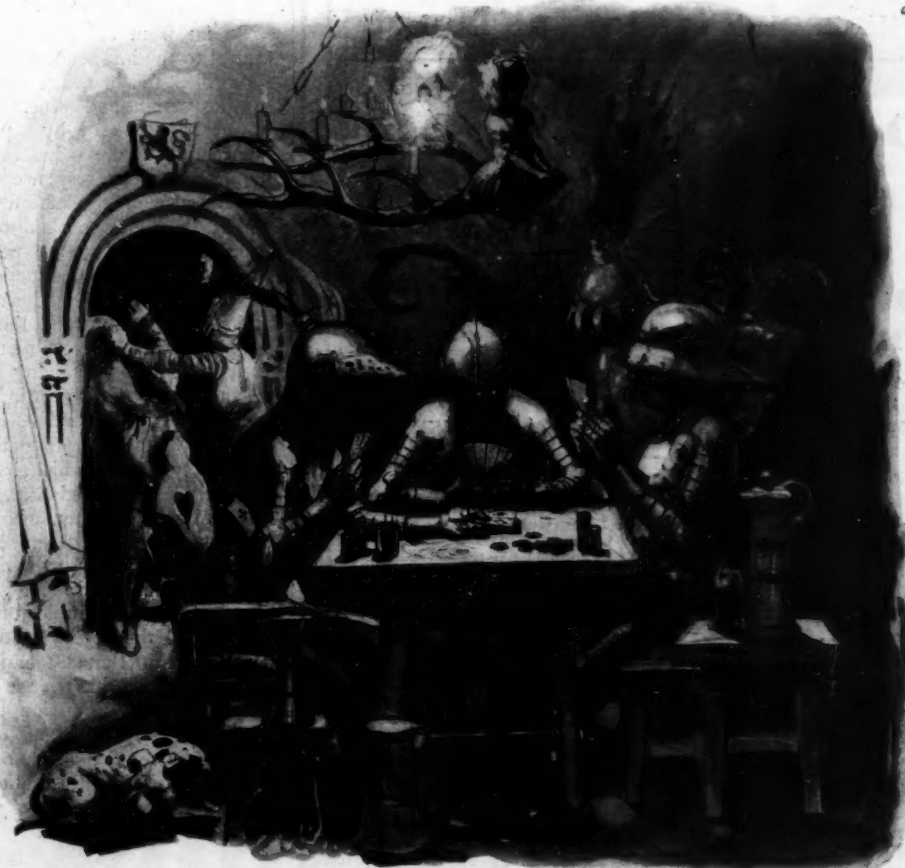
MRS. HOGAN.—Oi gave me husband a loving-cup.

MRS. GROGAN.—Shure, Oi gave Pat sich a mug thot he's been in the hospital wid it fer a wake.

DIFFERENT.

I suppose that millionaire spent all kinds of money on his mansion?

"Oh, no; merely other people's money."



AN ALL-NIGHT SESSION.

**STYLE
NEATNESS
COMFORT
THE IMPROVED
BOSTON
GARTER**

The Name is stamped on every loop—Be sure it's there

THE Velvety Grip
CUSHION BUTTON
CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS

Worn All Over The World
Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEORGE FROST CO.
Boston, Mass.

**INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES**

**HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,**
92, 94 and 96 Bleecker Street.
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Fish Will Bite

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Desk G, 3319 Oregon Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

"DANGEROUS RADICALISM."
TOLEDO, OHIO.—Roland Beard and Compton Leaman of the Hygeia Ice Company and Joseph Miller, manager of the Toledo Ice and Coal Company, to-day have been sentenced by Judge Kinkade to serve six months in the county jail and to pay costs of prosecution for conspiracy in restraint of trade.

These men were found guilty last July, and at that time Judge Kinkade sentenced them to six months in the workhouse and to pay \$2,500 fine each. The case was appealed, and a few days ago the Supreme Court handed down a decision declaring the convicted men could be sent to jail but not to the workhouse. They were remanded to the Common Pleas Court for resentence, and while the fine was not assessed, the workhouse sentence was changed to the county jail.

No further effort will be made in behalf of the defendants. They have begun their term. All the men are prominent in Toledo affairs.—*News Item.*

FORTIFIED.

The representative arose to make a speech, and his fellow members began to file out.

"Gentlemen," said he calmly, "don't think for a minute you can throw me down. My address is already in the hands of the printer with 'applause' in the proper places."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

THE REACTIONARY MILLSTONE.

Quoting that old phrase of Mr. Cleveland's minting, which so often does duty, a condition, not a theory, confronts us. It confronts both parties. Wall Street, for the time, stands convicted in all that territory where battles are fought and the results count. Voters in a large majority of the states are persuaded that both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan are in a strenuous grapple with influences prejudicial to the public welfare, and that Wall Street is headquarters for those influences. And so it is that the word reactionary has come to mean a surrender to Wall Street and all that the Street controls and is popularly believed to represent. Neither at Chicago nor at Denver would either party dare write a platform or nominate a candidate open to the objection of Wall Street's tag. That tag would prove to be a millstone.—*Washington Star.*

AS THE drama isn't doing anything it is permitted to stay in session.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*



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ALWAYS ORDERS
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Imperial EXTRA DRY
CHAMPAGNE**

for her social functions. Besides adding zest and buoyancy to the merry hour, its elegant flavor and bouquet reflects the fine discrimination of the hostess. Served in the best American homes.

Sold Everywhere.

Pears'

Cleanliness is a necessity that knows a law—Pears' Soap.

Pears' is both a law and a necessity for toilet and bath.

Sold everywhere.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

Stock gambling in Wall Street is an enormous business. It supports scores of thousands of persons, some of them in the height of luxury. A dozen of the biggest banks and trust companies in the metropolis would be compelled to go out of business, or shrink to very small concerns, if their rake-off from the stock gambling table were taken away from them. Hundreds of brokerage houses would be annihilated. Leave New York all of its actual transactions in stocks, its outright purchases, and cut off only the purely gambling deals, and one-half of the sky-scrapers in the Wall Street region would be without tenants. Mr. Bryan is right when he says the New York Stock Exchange is the greatest gambling shop on earth. Monte Carlo, Ostend, Trouville, all the licensed casinos of Europe, all the race tracks in the world, all the faro, roulette and poker dens in America would be as a candle to a searchlight contrasted with the Street gambling institution.—*Chi. Rec.-H.*



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AS TO AN "UNDIGNIFIED DOCUMENT."

So far from being an "astounding appeal to the hot-headed and the irresponsible," this message is essentially the most serious and earnest appeal that has ever been made by a public man in America to the moral sense of the nation; and the response which the moral sense of the nation has made and will continue to make to it, so far from showing that the people "are ripe for a war of destruction against the elements of the nation's greatness and stability," shows that the American people are still quite competent for the great task of maintaining republican self-government. Never in history has there been so tremendous an array of power bent upon creating an oligarchical society as that which has been organized in the United States since the Civil War by the men who, aided by state-created privilege, have exploited the virgin resources of the richest continent in the world. At any former time this power would utterly have annihilated the forces of democracy. But, thanks to that system of universal education which has been created here, to freedom of discussion, to untrammelled communication and to the sturdy independence of the sons of pioneers, there has arisen in this nation a power that is greater—and that power will rule!—*The Independent.*

ALL women need self-control, but married women cannot get along without it.—*Somerville Journal.*

A Burlesque Historical Novel

Monsieur d'en Brochette

By the Humorous Syndicate

**JOHN KENDRICK BANGS
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and BERT LESTON TAYLOR**

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This "historical" account of certain of the adventures of Huevos Pasada Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie Gras, is a clever and amusing burlesque on the novel of historio-adventure. We consider it strange it has not been done before, but it is certainly well done now.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Monsieur D'En Brochette" is a capital travesty of the romances of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.

—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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Hammer the Hammer

WOULDN'T SUIT HER.

MRS. SPENDERS.—I wonder how you'd like it if I ever got "new-womanish" and insisted upon wearing men's clothes?

MR. SPENDERS.—Oh, I haven't any fear of you ever doing that. Men's clothes are never very expensive.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

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SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.
—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

The Runaway Browns

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—*N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin.*

Made in France

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny."—*Boston Times.*

The Suburban Sage

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood.—*Boston Times.*

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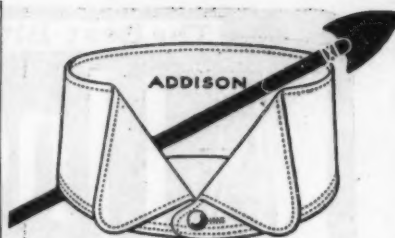


H. C. Bunner

THE OBSTINATE WEST.

During the winter, as is well known, southern California harbors visitors from all over the United States. This year the tide of travel has been somewhat curtailed, but it is chiefly the wealthy who are conspicuous by their absence. The middle west is probably as well represented as ever, and there are retired farmers and village merchants from all parts of the country.

The writer, who is not an ardent admirer of Mr. Roosevelt, has been at some pains to learn, in various resort towns and cities, what are the sentiments which these "tourists," as they are called on the coast, entertain toward the President and "my policies." He has not found the slightest evidence of Mr. Roosevelt's waning popularity. The panic has not at all impaired his standing. The commonest view held is that the panic was brought about by "Wall street sharks," and many believe that it was caused deliberately for the purpose of injuring the administration. Even among the laboring men, out of work, there is not yet discernible any disposition to lay the blame of "hard times" on the President. Among all, however, high and low, there is a feeling of indescribable distrust and bitterness about Wall street and the corporation influences which the term stands for.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*



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EX-SECRETARY SHAW pulls down \$111,000 for one year's association with a trust company, and the association wasn't very intimate at that.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE Prohibitionists have demonstrated that it is possible to make considerable headway in reform without doing much in the way of office-holding.—*Washington Star.*



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"DON'T HURT BUSINESS."

It is sickening to read the evidence in the coroner's inquest at the investigation of the Boyertown, Pa., theater tragedy which resulted in such terrible loss of life a few days ago. No attention was paid whatever to the laws governing theater regulation. Inspectors, who were agents for supply houses as a "side line," approved the arrangement of the theater after getting contracts for a supply of goods, and thus the story runs on—a wheel within a wheel—public officials debauched—municipal rottenness which was permitted to run its course until a tragedy occurred which has made the average house in the town a house of mourning. If the Pennsylvania courts are equal to the occasion which confronts them they will see that those grafting Boyertown officials are landed in the penitentiary, where they ought to have been sent years ago.—*Des Moines Capital.*



HIS YEARLY GRIEVANCE.

THE BUNNY.—Now that Easter's coming on again, I wish the President would get after the nature-fakers who say I lay eggs.

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters in half grape fruit, after sugar is added, makes delightful morning tonic. Try it to-morrow.

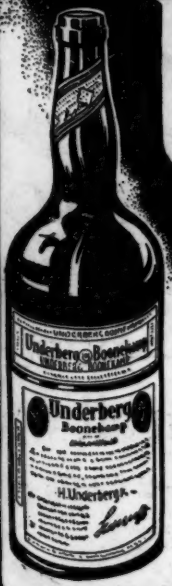
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IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT.

It was long after midnight. The chamber was dark and silent. Her husband's quiet, regular breathing showed that he was deep in sleep. Carefully she arose, taking every precaution not to disturb the slumberer. Stealthily stepping across the room, using all the care possible not to make a noise, she reached the clothes tree, and taking from it the trousers hung upon it, still stealthily stepped into the dressing-room, where a light burned dimly. Then did she go through the pockets for loose change? No! She sewed on a forgotten suspender button.—*Somerville Journal*.

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WHEN a man crosses his legs in a street car, the other men ought to try to step on his foot as they pass by. — *Somerville Journal*.

MRS. HETTY GREEN is perhaps one of the few women who could give a column interview and say nothing about fashions.—*Phila. Ledger*.

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It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 3c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 264 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



THE SAME FEELING.

HIS EMPLOYER'S DAUGHTER.—How do you manage to keep so cheerful, Reilly, when your rheumatism pains you so?
THE GARDENER.—Sure, Miss, 'tis aisy. Whenever I fale me-silf racked t' bits, I thry to imagine 'tis the day after the Ballyragin Fair and t' think phwat a divil of a foine time I had.

It's the proper thing to take Abbott's Bitters with a glass of sherry or soda before meals; gives you an appetite. At all druggists.

TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO.

In the list of 224 applicants for license to conduct saloons in Richmond, we note the following:

L. Biagi, Frank Bonaldi, George August Boehling, Louis Baldacci, J. A. Pertocci, G. Bencianai, A. Biagi, Peter Bonini, G. B. Chiappa, Arredo Carreiri, Canepa & Baccigalupo, T. Z. Crescioli, P. Castelvocchi, A. Casci, J. Carmicelli, M. Consani, Paul Cechini, C. F. Ciucci, A. Donati, L. Dalle, Harry Dalle-Mura, A. Dementi, Raphael Francione, Frank Fernandini, Joe Gianotti, E. Garzoli, Agestino Gillio, Otto Gragnani, W. T. Holzapfel, E. Lebolo, John Lucchesi, Peter Lenzi, B. C. Metzger, A. Moschetti & Son, Frank Marchetti, Paslo Michel, R. L. Moschetti, Louis Marchetti, E. Magnani, C. Meoni, G. Massei, Moriconi & Corriere, M. Massei, S. C. Poli, Pucinelli Brothers, F. Z. Picchi, E. Sanguinetti, P. Traferi, Chasie Traferi, Paul Valdrighi, Vincent Vanni.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

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DECIDEDLY.

PHAMLEY.—Goodley called on us the other day, and I never saw a man so stuck up in all my life.

WISE.—Nonsense! That isn't his style at all.

PHAMLEY.—I know; his style was simply ruined. He brought our children candy and held them on his lap while they ate it. — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

It is a sad fact that even more people would gamble in the stock market if they weren't afraid that they would lose.—*Somerville Journal*.

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OUT TO-DAY!



"UNRAVISH'D EARS."

The Norwegian composer Grieg once played before King Edward, presumably at his majesty's request, as a composer commonly does not force his way uninvited to the royal piano-forte and salute the royal ears with a concord of sweet sounds. Grieg, then, began to play, but King Edward continued to converse with the Norwegian minister. Grieg stopped suddenly and looked at the king; for a composer, even as a cat, may turn his eyes on royalty. The king smiled and Grieg resumed; likewise the king. The composer stopped once more, and this time the king "looked back sternly." But —important point—he ceased conversing.

An American magazine, from which this little story is quoted, makes the following comment: "There are con-

versations which are superior to symphonies, and the musician cannot be utterly sure that the interruption from which he suffers does not deserve to be given the right of way."

This comment is interesting in that it exhibits a too common viewpoint. The lack of consideration, not to say ordinary courtesy, which King Edward displayed, was due to popular ignorance—which royalty shares with the multitude—of a musician's state of mind at the time when he is interpreting his own or another's composition. If King Edward should invite Mr. Thomas Hardy, say, to read a selection from his "Dynasts," he would scarcely interrupt the distinguished novelist-poet; but one may talk when a musician is playing. And yet the consequences would be less disastrous in the case of a reader than of a musician. —*Lippincott's*.

COMMAND.

PATIENCE.—They say she has a wonderful command of language.

PATRICE.—Well, she seems to command her husband's, but not her own. —*Yonkers Statesman*.

CANINE EXERCISE.

"Justin," said Mrs. Wyss.

"Yes," replied Mr. Wyss.

"Will you speak a kind word to Fido and make him wag his tail? He hasn't had one bit of exercise all day." —*Lippincott's*



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MISS COOPAR.—Wha' yo' gwine t' do nex' summer if dey 'bolishes bettin' on races.

MR. SINCLAIR (*a hot sport*).—Oh, I ain' worryin'. I kin lose de money at somefin' else, if dey does.

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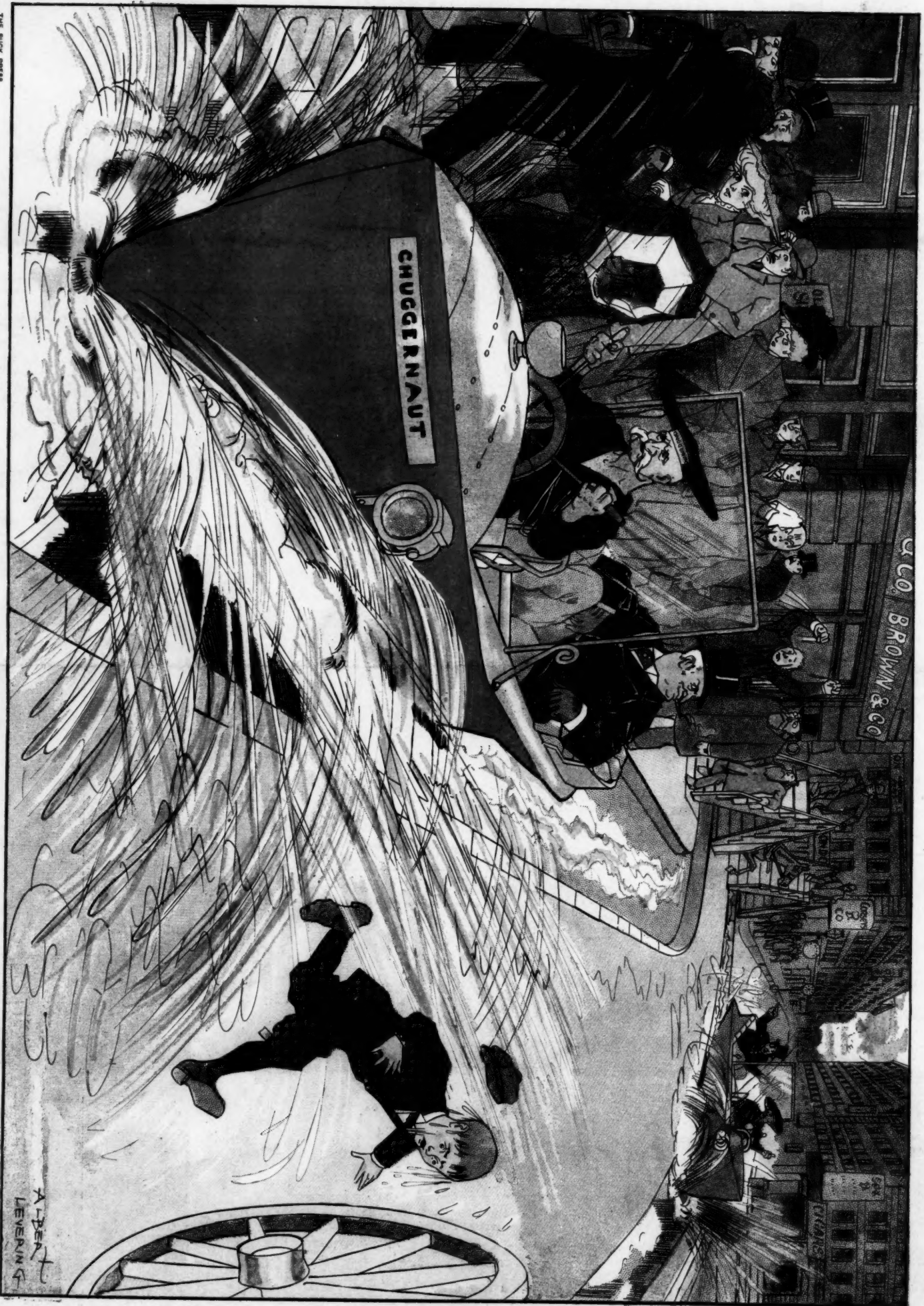
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